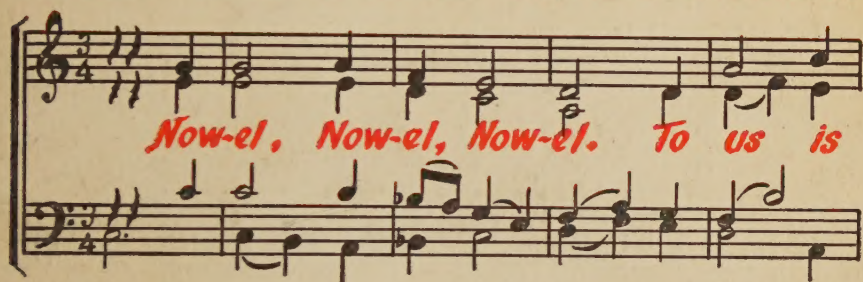


# INTEGRITY

**NOWEL. TO US IS BORN OUR GOD EMMANUEL!**



CONTINUED - VERSE ON REAR COVER

December, 1946



Vol. 1, No. 3

: the third issue :

**SUBJECT : CHRIST WITH US**

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If your monthly *INTEGRITY* has been late in arriving,  
 please bear with the U. S. Mail whose burdens right  
 now are particularly heavy.

**Vol. 1, No. 3**

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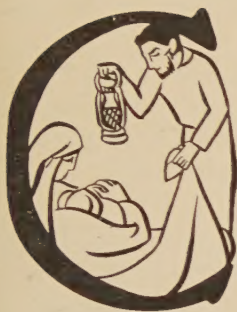
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## EDITORIAL



Christmas is always new. It is of the gold that resists tarnish. It is a child's face recently scrubbed. It is simple, marvelously simple, charming and irresistible.

There is evident in each year's celebration of this Day the fecundity of God feeding the insatiability of man. For our having tendered the careless hospitality of the manger, the gratitude of the Infant to whom we played grudging host, is infinite.

We had at least let Him in. The shepherd and the ass were our unstudied ambassadors—these and a few foreigners who were in town that night. Someone at sometime had dug a hole or fashioned a roof (history is not sure), some sort of shelter, not much, but we let them use it for the night. For that He is infinitely grateful.

We did let Him in, and that is what counts. Being in, He is here to stay. *Deo Gratias*, He is here with us!

Name the place where He cannot be found this Christmas! In the churches, yes, but there is nothing strange in that. On that Day a lady goes about town, she seems to be everywhere, carrying a Child bundled up. Suddenly she stops wherever she happens to be and says to whomever happens to be there, "Look at my baby." The baby smiles into strange faces and the smile is the same to priest or prostitute. It answers the leer of the drunkard or the tear of the lonely. As surprisingly gracious as the morning sun after the night of misery, is this smile of the Babe of Bethlehem.



The activity at the liquor store is tremendous, four deep around the counter, half of them jagged. A young girl chaffs nervously to be back at the party—her first office party. Three “fifths” of Schenley’s—“To Hell with the change.” The glow from the neon strikes the ceiling of a room across the street, six floors up. A middle-aged woman tries to find comfort lying on her other side. The cancer, they suspect, has begun to work on the inner lining of the abdomen. Sometimes, if she lies perfectly still, she can feel just that, that sort of gnawing as if she were being eaten from the inside.

Down in the street a man sounds sick. He lurches back into the neon light and opens the door; then falls forward, his head striking the metal edge of the sill. A young fellow goes by with a Christmas tree. “The kid is three. He oughta really enjoy the show this year. . . .”

What misery, what hunger, what despair!

The breasts of Mary are so round with milk they hurt. The Christ Child is as anxious to eat as the Mother is anxious to feed Him. And so too the ample flowing breasts of God press down upon the gaping mouths of men.

Here is beatitude more than enough to quiet all the misery in the world!

All right, mankind, be miserable! Be lonely, be drunken, be sinful, and today draw down upon you this love without stint. Empty your stomachs in gluttony turned sick, empty your hearts in lust turned cold, empty your heads of hope unfounded, and God Incarnate will fill you.

Then proceed sick and sallow to the cave beneath the city. Find the Babe. Make Him comfortable. And then grow with Him in age and wisdom.

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In this issue we have attempted to bring home to our readers something of the mystery of Christmas. For all those who pray that some miracle will happen to change the course of history, some miracle that will stave off the disaster that threatens a world gone mad, be reassured, for this is it.

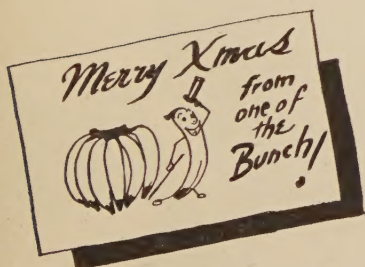
The happiness and harmony of men living in dignity, strong in their sufferings, great in their aspirations, that is not some idle dream, a vista beyond the years. The pattern and mark of God is already upon the affairs of men.

The miracles of God are always things of the present. God is now—not tomorrow. If the wills of men would quicken with a sudden and quiet “Yes,” the thing would be done. The Kingdom of God, with

its sufferings borne in joyous processional, would be here. A crack in the dykes of men's pride would let the sea of God's love come roaring in, for it is like that, a sea all about us, stretching to the horizon.

All of the complexities in the world of thought, theology shredded and garnished with apologetics, spiced with dogma, served with statistics and facts, dispersed by geniuses with the tongues of angels, cannot say more than what is said when we say, "Christ our Saviour is with us—today and forever."

## THE EDITORS



Christmas is the merry time  
When greetings are in season,  
And people send each other cards,  
With neither rhyme nor reason.





# *The Captive*

## *A Story*

Like a prophet of discontent, like a scourging wind, rootless and bootless, Jonathan O'Hare roamed the darkening streets of Boston at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve. He glared at the hurrying people, he sniffed and jostled them; his mind picked them up like a twister, sucked them in, shredded them, dumped them helter-skelter into the great wriggling sack of memory. What he thought of them and their hurry he could have expressed in any one of seven languages. He chose English.

"Christ! What a fraud!" He was just off the boat from Greece. He hated these people because they were well-fed and well-clothed, well-soaped and well-oiled. Even their dead were well laid out; it was not much of a country for vultures. If it had not been for Charlie Raynor—

Charlie Raynor had sat on a swivel chair in Athens behind a desk polished within an inch of its life and spread his pudgy left hand flat on the desk so that the pale sunlight glinted on his big gold ring. On the ring it said: *PRINCETON 1929*. (What a year to be getting out of Princeton!) Charlie Raynor was a good bureau chief, but you couldn't talk to him.

"Butch," he had said, staring at his ring, "this isn't just a suggestion. It's an assignment. I'm assigning you to the States for six months."

"I like it here."

"I know you do. I know you don't want to go back; I don't understand it. You've been out of the country since before the war, since 1938. Don't you want to see your family?"

"I haven't got any. I'm an orphan."

Raynor's watery blue eyes swung up from the ring. "I didn't know. I'm sorry."

"Well, don't be. It won't do you or me any good."

"Don't you want to see your country again?"



"How do you know I have a country?"

"O'Hare, what's the matter? Have you got a girl you don't want to leave?"

"Sure; dozens. I keep a house full of them," O'Hare retorted savagely.

Raynor stopped being chummy. "Listen, Butch, you're a good reporter; you're the best one I've got, and I don't want to lose you. I don't even want to lose you for six months. But you're working for an American newspaper, and you don't know what America's like any more. You've got to go back there for a while and—and—"

"Regain my perspective?" suggested O'Hare, quoting it.

"Yes, and get your bearings, and adjust your sights, and every other trite phrase you ever heard!"

O'Hare used his last weapon, the one that, he remembered, had always worked with his mother when she was still alive. He opened his eyes very wide, assumed the expression of a misunderstood school-boy, and lamented: "Do I have to?"

"That or get out!" snapped Raynor, making a sharp knocking noise on the desk with his ring.

He hadn't wanted to get out; it was a good outfit to work for. It was a tie, and he had broken so many of them. So now he was padding along like an angry lion, sniffing and glaring and jostling and wanting to scratch eyes out. He walked faster, making his feet pound harder against the pavement, and every time they pounded it was the name of a country. India, China, Russia, France, Italy, Latvia, Finland—Christmas! Christ! What a fraud! In Kalgan the next morning some poor bastard was going to have his guts extracted by a bayonet while the missionaries were raising their Hosts on high; in Calcutta and Madras and Chabua children would be lying in the gutter starving, their bellies all puffed up, while the rich British and Anglo-Indians and the maharajas went roaring by in expensive American cars on their way to Christmas high tea; in Fiesole and Milan the young girls would be selling themselves on street corners for a warm bed to sleep in; all over Europe the DP's would grow one day older and staler. But here . . . here! Here people gave each other carefully wrapped presents and smirked:

"Merry Christmas!" The words came from an Irish girl and her husband brushing by O'Hare. They smiled broadly as they spoke, and he smiled back.

"Mala kepi!" he shouted, grinning, saying a dirty thing in Man-



darin. There they go, he thought, the blessed Irish (and I'm one of them!). Every third fat slob of an Irishman in the world tonight will tank up on beer, then crawl over to midnight Mass and tank up on sanctifying grace and go to bed glad that he's more thoroughly sanctified than the mockies and the wops and the commies. He will tumble out of bed in the morning, stub his toe, exclaim "Jesus Christ!" and then go tearing out of his house to shake people's hands and extend the season's greetings, with most of the sanctifying grace gone and some of the beer still sloshing around inside of him.

Not that there was anything wrong with going to midnight Mass, probably the best show any church in the world puts on. O'Hare had been an altar boy when he was young and still fell for that kind of stuff, and he could remember still the wonderful smell of incense, the way the candles smoked, the cramped little gurgles the kids on the altar let out before they fainted from excitement, the way the bishop looked when they took his shoes off, Father Riordan (or Devlin, or Halloran, or something like that; it didn't matter; he was one of those old Irish priests who would as soon spit on you as look at you) yelling "Hold it higher! higher!" to the boy with the censer, and Father Sweeney going half crazy the time someone hid the tabernacle key. But the best of all was the music. O'Hare had cried once, kneeling on the sanctuary side of the altar rail in a row of kneeling boys, cried because the *Sanctus* was so beautiful. Even after he had stopped going to church he had thought sometimes that it might be a good idea to go in and just listen to the music. But he never had; all that crap about Christ had been hard to rub off, and he didn't want it to do over again.

O'Hare had slowed down to an ambling gait; he had even stopped reviling people. He was walking in a residential district where there were long rows of two-story brick houses like a child's blocks, each block with a square lawn in front of it, the combination looking like something out of a solid geometry class. A white Christmas would have made everything look much better, but there was no sign of snow; the night was clear and cold, like Angelina just before she walked out on him. The houses had wreaths hanging on their front doors and red electric candles burning in their downstairs windows and on the second floor the Christmas trees glowed and glittered.

Two kids were standing side by side at the pavement end of the front walk of one of the houses. As he passed them the boy darted quickly out in back of him and grasped his right hand; the girl did the

same thing with his left. These kids were stronger than he was used to; instead of trying to shake them off he drew them forward so that he could see their faces.

"You're our captive!" they shrilled, self-consciously, laughing up at him but a little scared, now that pressure was being exerted on instead of by them. They were about thirteen. The boy was a red-head with a long face and narrow chin. He was wearing what was probably his first long-pants suit. The girl was brunette with dark brown eyes and a pug nose; she had a white party-dress on.

"What's this all about?" demanded O'Hare in a confidential tone.

"You have to come with us, Mister," said the boy. "We just captured you." He giggled.

"What for?"

"It's a game!" exclaimed the girl impatiently. "It's just like a scavenger hunt. Come on, now!" She tugged hopefully at his hand.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said O'Hare. "When I used to play in scavenger hunts all we had to bring back were things like cigarettes and soap dishes and backscratchers. Is this a new wrinkle?"

"Oh, we're the only ones who had to bring a *person* back," the boy answered. "It's because we're the oldest, and we let the younger kids make up the list. They said we had to capture the first person who passed by after we came outside the house and bring him back. You won't have to stay long," he declared. "We'll ransom you right away. Angelina and I—"

"What did you say?"

"Angelina—that's her name," the boy said, pointing at the girl.

"O.K. Let's go," said O'Hare.

"Hurrah!" cried Angelina.

"Wait a minute!" said O'Hare. "I might be—you know—a bad man. Are you sure you want me in your house?"

"That's the chance we're taking," the boy said seriously.

The three of them swung around so that Angelina was on the outside and walked quickly toward the house. Now I'm scavenger bait! thought O'Hare. Was that how the other Angelina, the one who had been his wife, thought of him now? Well, he was giving the Angelinas of the world another chance: not that the first one had been precisely a bitch. She had been a pretty good egg, as a matter of fact; but living with her was like letting water drip on a stone until there's a big hole in the stone, it begins to split in the middle, and there's not much you can do with it except pick up the two pieces and throw them, in different directions, as far as you can.



They reached the house. The front door was partly open. The boy gave it a push and O'Hare and Angelina walked through into a vestibule, then into a living room furnished in mahogany and dark red. There was a big charcoal sketch of a donkey minus tail on one wall, and a card table full of games in the center of the room beneath a sprig of mistletoe tied to the chandelier. In a fireplace with no vent an electric log burned forever. A scalloped tin disk, balanced delicately on a metal prong and revolved by hot air from the log, threw flickering shadows on the back of the fireplace.

"This is my house," said Angelina. "The others are my guests."

"What others?"

"Oh! They're all out scavenging—except George"—she nodded toward the red-head, who had stayed behind to shut the front door and now joined them—"and Mame. Mame!"

"What is it you're wanting now?" demanded a hostile voice from the rear of the house.

"Come and see our captive! What's your name, Mister? Jonathan Hayer? Oh! *Jonathan O'Hare!*"

A plump, middle-aged Irishwoman with a chin that could drive nails appeared, wiping her hands on her apron.

"As if I didn't have enough to do," she sighed, "with your parents out and all your friends in, you have to start bringing perfect strangers into the house!" She put her hands on her wide hips. "And what is your mother going to say about *that*, I'd like to know?" She ignored O'Hare as if he were made of wood.

"Oh, Mame!" Angelina wailed dramatically. "We have only one captive and he's a very nice one, you can tell that by looking at him, and it's Christmas Eve, Mame! Shouldn't you invite strangers in on Christmas Eve?" She plays her cards well, thought O'Hare, like the other Angelina.

"Whoosh! Mister, you don't even look American. Are you a foreigner?"

"I was born here," answered O'Hare. "Right in this city. But I have been abroad. I arrived from Greece this afternoon."

"Oh!" exclaimed Angelina, delighted. "I bet you're rich and famous!"

"Neither. I'm a reporter."

"Ooooo! A foreign correspondent! Oh, George, what a wonderful captive! Oh, Mame!"

"Whoosh!" said Mame. "I have work to do. If you'll excuse me, me lady and gentlemen—." She nodded coolly to O'Hare, as if to say she

didn't believe a word of his story, and retreated to the kitchen.

"Merry Christinas, Mame!" Angelina shouted after her. She grabbed O'Hare's hand. "Come on in and see where we're going to eat!" He followed her past the front door into the dining room. A long table was set with eight places. There was a single candle in a bronze candlestick at the near end.

"That's for the Gospel," said Angelina.

"My brother is in the seminary," George broke in, "and they won't let us go to midnight Mass. We're too young."

"And what has all that to do with the candle?" asked O'Hare.

"Well, don't you see? My brother in the seminary said it would be a good idea if we read the Gospel after we eat, since we can't go to midnight Mass."

People still fall for it, O'Hare thought a little tiredly, they still go for the antics at the altar and the trick clothes and the foreign language. They bring their children up to go for them too, they give their sons to the priesthood. He seized George by the collar.

"*You're* not going to run off to the seminary, are you?"

George looked up, surprised. "No, Mister. I want to be"—he smiled shyly—"a soldier, and go over the world."

O'Hare released his grip. "Learn Russian. It's the only language you'll need."

"Come in and sit down!" cried Angelina, pulling O'Hare back toward the living room. "The others will be here in a minute."

It was nearer ten minutes. Six of them, three boys and three girls, came hurtling through the front door together. They were all about twelve. They carried objects which they set down noisily on the card table—a goldfish bowl, two pieces of rye toast, a carrot dicer, a shoe-horn, a bicycle bell.

"Look at our captive!" shouted Angelina, sitting next to O'Hare on a red leather couch. "He's a foreign correspondent and he just got back from Greece!" The children gathered around O'Hare, staring at his shoes, his clothes, his face. They looked at him as they might have looked at a wounded bird, or a silver dollar, or a mended fishnet.

"He's a *good* captive!"

"Hey, Mister, do they have Christmas in Greece?"



"So far as I know," said O'Hare, "they have Christmas everywhere."

"Do the children have parties and get presents? Do they believe in Santa Claus?"

"Some of them do. But most of them don't. And most of them don't believe in Santa Claus any more than you or I do. They start disbelieving a lot younger than we."

"Why?"

"Would you believe in Santa Claus very long if he never brought you anything?"

"I might," said Angelina. "I might believe that I had not been good enough for presents. I might believe that Santa Claus only had enough presents for the *very* good people."

"But you wouldn't feel very good about not getting anything."

"Of course I wouldn't. But what does that have to do with *believing*?"

"Would you charming children by any chance like to shovel some refreshments down your little throats?" demanded Mame, deceptively benevolent, standing in the dining room.

"Merry Christmas, Mame!" they chorused, and rushed for the dining room. "Come *on*, Mr. O'Hare," said Angelina.

"I don't think Mame invited me."

Mame sniffed. "I set an extra place for you, Mr. O'Hare. I hope you don't object to American ice cream and cake."

O'Hare bowed gravely to Mame. "Mame," he said with a brogue, "you don't know how much pleasure it gives me to sit down to a table in me home country agin."

"Whoosh!"

"You sit here," insisted Angelina, leading him to the chair at the foot of the table and seating herself around the corner from him. George sat at the other end, the end with the candle. The lights in the living room had been turned off; O'Hare and the children sat in the bright glow of an overhead light. Insulation, thought O'Hare, looking at it, from the outer darkness where, he seemed to remember, a lot of weeping and gnashing of teeth went on. Or was that in the inner darkness?

And what was the difference? The story had been something about a banquet, wedding feast, and some joker had shown up without his tux on and refused to go home and change. It was a good story.

"Cake," said Angelina, passing him a big platter. "What kind of cake do they have in Greece?"

"It isn't so good as this."

"Do they have ice cream?"

"In Athens," he said, thinking of the bread riots. "At the expensive hotels."

The children made an astonishing din eating. They clicked the ice cream spoons against their teeth, they banged mugs of hot chocolate on the table, they made scraping noises with forks on their cake plates, and they chattered constantly across the table, talking about new roller skates, new dresses, trains, all the things that they hoped would be theirs the next morning.

"I asked for a number two Erector set, and a handball glove, and—"

"You know, the kind with your initials on top?"

"Flexible Fliers are the best ones you can get."

At last they were finished, and Mame, commenting sarcastically, cleared the dishes away. "Is there anything else *you'd* like now, Mr. O'Hare?" she inquired truculently. O'Hare said nothing.

"It's time for the Gospel," said Angelina.

"Who's going to read it?" asked a girl in pink.

"George is. He's the oldest boy here."

"And besides," George put in, "it was my brother who gave us the idea." He got up and took a small New Testament from the sideboard. He sat down again, lit a match and applied it to the candle until the candle caught. Then he opened the book and found the place. He looked up expectantly.

"Wait," said Angelina. She rose, walked to a wall switch, and



turned the overhead light off. The room dissolved into darkness except for a small circle of light where the candle was. "O.K.," she said. "Go ahead."

"Now it came to pass in those days," read George, "that there went forth a decree from Caesar Augustus that"—he stopped to clear his throat—"that a census of the whole world should be taken. This first census took place. . . ." As he read, the candle flame jumped away from him, then back, throwing crazy shadows on the wall. His red hair glowed like dull embers. ". . . because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were shepherds. . ." He read it matter-of-factly, as if it were as real and obvious as a timetable, as a recipe, as a World Almanac. "And the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news. . . .'" The shadow of the book was thrown on his face, so that the lower part of it was obscured and his nose and eyes and forehead reflected the bright yellow of the flame. ". . . and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of good will.'"

In the darkness it had been hard to tell who was weeping, but when Angelina turned the light on it was the captive, his face pillowed on his arms on the table, crying quietly and brokenly, like a child, like a person who hadn't cried in a long time, like a lost soul.

JOHN R. MCCARTHY  
*New York City*  
*October, 1946*



At Christmas office-party time  
The bosses are less haughty,  
In democratic songs they chime,  
And sometimes get quite naughty.

## INTEGRITY INCARNATE

"I will place enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed."

**Genesis** iii, 15.

In the Christian view of history, there are four figures outstanding; two who appear at the inception of the human story and two who appear in the fullness of time—Adam and Eve, Christ and Mary. To those outside the Church this may seem an extraordinary simplification of the vast and complex panorama of human lives and human destinies. It is, of course, a simplification, because the Christian view is taken from the vantage point of the divine Mind revealed in Sacred Scripture. It is also the most profound view, because human history, not so much as recorded, but as lived, is the working out of the divine Plan for the external manifestation of God's glory. It is, moreover, an optimistic view that does not overlook the evil in the story; its optimism is motivated by the omnipotence of God, Who, it believes, can and does always bring good out of the evil He permits. When writing the story, the human mind confronts countless cases in which it can not see the good springing from the evil permitted; nevertheless, in the pivotal events of the story—in the Fall of man and his Redemption, the power of God's mercy to bring good out of evil is inescapable.

THE HUMAN STORY BEGINS with an integral man, dissatisfied with his God-given integrity, who wanted to be like God, to be the end of his own integral perfection. The story reaches its climax with a Divine Person, who thought it no robbery to assume the nature and form of a man that he might restore the integrity of human nature by lifting it to an intimate commerce with the divine nature. The perfection of human nature was lost by a personal act of its first possessor, Adam; a greater perfection was bestowed upon it by a personal union with the Son of God. Shattered human integrity gave place to Incarnate Integrity.

But this is trying to say too much in too few words; though no amount of words can unveil the mystery of the Fall and the Redemption.



However, we should try to follow more slowly the sequence of events that contains these mysteries.

The Redemptive Incarnation is not a divine after-thought; Christ is not a trouble-shooter sent to straighten out an unexpected breakdown in the machinery of creation. Christ—the Incarnate Redeemer—is the first-born of angels and men. God had no need to create; but if He willed to create, it could be only to manifest exteriorly His inner glorious perfection. He had no choice of the motive for creating. Moreover, it was according to His Wisdom to choose the best way of attaining the end of creation. God saw that the best way to manifest His glory to man was the way of mercy. This was the way He chose. God could have willed, for example, that Adam and Eve and all their posterity should remain sinless and that Christ and Mary should appear near the end of time.

Yet, contrary to what we might suppose, such unspotted goodness would not manifest the divine perfection as gloriously as the goodness brought about by the grace of God despite the sins of men. So while we contemplate the first man and woman as they came from the hands of God, we must keep in mind that their perfection before they sinned, is but a dim reflection of what God intended to pour out on Christ and Mary.

APART FROM THE INCARNATION, the making of man was the most delicate task of God's creative work. For man was to be the bridge between two universes—the visible universe of minerals, plants, and animals, and the invisible universe of the angelic hierarchy. Actually, there is but one universe, visible and invisible, with man as the link between the parts; for man is the highest of the animals and the lowest of the spirits. Each man is one being; yet he is a composite being and the parts that compose him are not completely transformed by their union. Matter does not become spirit, nor spirit matter; matter and spirit become one man. Man has a body that is a human body; that is, it sums up within itself the mineral, plant, and animal kingdoms, yet it is a fit instrument of the soul for human living. Man's soul is spiritual, yet not angelic, for its natural perfection, though not its existence, depends upon the body.

### **Man's — A Limited Perfection**

In uniting matter and spirit to make man, God produced the most perfect creature of the visible universe, the king of material creation. Nevertheless, man's is a very limited perfection. There are several signs of this limitation of human nature and of the human persons that subsist in that nature.

Thus, while man's soul is immortal, man's body, composed of many elements that tend to disintegrate, is mortal. Man, the composite of spirit and matter, is then naturally mortal. While his being as man demands that body and soul remain forever united, there is no natural power within him that can stay the dissolution of his body or ward off the eventual approach of death.

Being within the material universe, man has to be equipped to take his place therein. The material universe is composed of objects that are visible, audible, tangible, smellable, tastable. These same objects are either good or bad for the rest of material creation. Man, therefore, was equipped with external and internal senses that give him an awareness of the whole universe around him and with sense appetites that respond to the good and evil in his environment. However, the same senses that can enjoy the beauty and goodness of the universe can also be horrified by its ugliness and evil. The same nerves that give man the capacity for sensual pleasure can bring to consciousness the sting of pain. If man is to have eyes that may delight in the beauty of a sunset, he must also run the risk of blindness, for the eyes are organs of a body that is subject to disease and death.

COMPLEX HUMAN NATURE is subject to another serious limitation, of which we are all constantly aware. This is the conflict between what we call our "higher" and "lower" natures, between the "spiritual man" and the "animal man." In us this conflict is due to the sin of Adam for a reason that we shall soon see. Yet it must be admitted that the root of the conflict lies in human nature itself. Man is a creature whose perfection must be outside himself, in the attainment of something other than himself. His search for perfection calls into service all the powers of his soul and body, for the perfection of his nature is also a complex thing. There is good and evil for his soul, good and evil for his body.

The good of the whole man and the special good of his soul are sought by his spiritual faculties, the intellect and the will. Particular goods that serve the needs of man's body and, indirectly, of his soul are sought by the exterior and interior faculties of man: sight, taste, smell, imagination, memory, and so forth; and by the sense appetites, whose activities we call love, hate, fear, hope, and so forth.

Now all these faculties of man should cooperate amicably to obtain the fullness of human perfection. Yet they can fall out and go off on their own. Any number of instances will occur to us. Take, for example, the conflict that may arise in a Catholic who walks into a restaurant on Friday evening. He knows that for his own good the Church has focussed his obligation to mortify himself in the precept of Friday abstinence, among other precepts. His mind has long ago

assented to this command as something good for man. However, this submission of the spirit does not blind the eyes, lock up the ears, or stop up the nose when the waiter passes with a sizzling steak; rather there is a spontaneous rising of desire in the lower nature, the imagination adds the pleasures of taste and a satisfied stomach, and the sense appetites respond without consulting the intellect and will. As there is, in fact, a conflict between the *spiritual, universal good* of mortification and the *particular, sensible good* of a steak dinner, there will be a similar conflict within a man who is presented with a choice of these two goods. There is a natural conflict that stems from the complex nature of human perfection. The higher good should always be preferred to a lower good that conflicts with it; nevertheless, this does not prevent the lower good from presenting its claims and enlisting the animal appetites in its own behalf. The final decision has to be made by the will, which too often gives in to the inordinate demands of the animal appetites and becomes guilty of sin. The will is never forced to give in, but it is normally forced to put up a battle for the claims of the spiritual good of man.

One more human limitation need be mentioned here. Ordinarily, man comes into existence without knowledge of himself or others; his mind is a complete blank, although it is capable of tremendous development. The acquisition of truth is always a long process for the human mind, though it was not intended by God to be a laborious one.

We have pointed out four great limitations that are of the very nature of man:

- 1) Mortality
- 2) The capacity to suffer
- 3) The tension and conflict between the spiritual and the animal in man
- 4) The necessity of slowly acquiring the knowledge needed to live well

None of these limitations was to be found in Adam and Eve as they were first made by God; they were free from the menace of death or suffering, spared conflict between sense and reason, appetite and will, possessed knowledge suitable to their position as chiefs of creation and progenitors of the human race.

## How Was This Accomplished?

How was this integral perfection of human nature accomplished? By special gifts that are called preternatural because they do not belong properly to human nature, but to angelic nature. This does not mean that God turned men into angels; He did grant to man certain privileges that brought him closed to angelic perfection while always remaining human.



Of these four gifts, one, the gift of knowledge, was given to Adam and Eve personally; it was not to be inherited by their children who would start life without any knowledge just as children do today. Special knowledge was granted to the first man and woman because they were first, because they started their human career as adults.

The three other gifts established human nature as integral; one of them, however, which submitted the lower nature to the dictates of reason and grace, is called specifically the gift of integrity. All three were not personal gifts but were given to Adam and Eve as possessors and propagators of human nature. They were, therefore, to be inherited by all who were born of Adam and Eve. Human generation is a process whereby two human persons, male and female, cooperate with God in the production of a third human person by handing on a human nature to their offspring. The parents transmit the human nature as they possess it; if, in them, it were still adorned with preternatural gifts, they would hand down an integral human nature; if they have lost the integrity of their own nature by sin, they hand down a nature that is likewise unintegrated.

### **The Greatest Gift — Grace**

The preternatural gifts were given to human nature in Adam and Eve not simply to overcome the limitations of that nature, but to dispose it and human persons possessing it, most perfectly for God's greatest gift to man—the supernatural life of grace. Integral human nature without grace would be at the summit of natural perfection; it would not have a share in God's own perfection. However, God wished that man attain even to this high perfection; He wanted man to be eternally happy by possessing the same object that made Him happy—the infinite Goodness of God Himself. Such perfection is not natural to any creature, man or angel; it is natural only to God, supernatural to all others. It can, however, be won by creatures through the power of grace working on and with free will.

It was God's intention that all the children of men should be born in grace; He would give grace to every child born with an integral nature. Just as now He always creates and infuses a spiritual soul into the matter disposed by the parents, so, in His original plan, He would have at the same instant infused grace into the soul that was to be a part of an integral human nature. This was to be the glorious heritage of the sons of man—to be sons of God from their birth as men. Each would then have to pass the same test established for Adam and Eve, the test of humility and obedience. Each would receive an eternal reward in heaven when the test had been successfully passed. As long as each man remained subject to God, he would retain the preternatural integrity of his

nature and rejoice in the special friendship of God. But if he rebelled against God, grace would depart from his soul and the preternatural gifts would be stripped from his nature. By contrition and penance he could regain the grace of God, but his nature would never again possess its original integrity. He could hand down to his children only the inheritance of sin, for now they would come into the world with a nature stripped of its integrity and therefore deprived of the sanctifying grace that would make them pleasing to God. They would come into the world at odds with God, bearing within them the penalty of their father's rebellion.

Adam's sin was a personal sin; yet it had its effect on the whole of human nature, because it shattered the integrity of that nature in him who was to be its source in all others.

### Why?

At this point of the human story the mind is always tempted to ask—Why? Why did God allow His masterpiece to be defaced? Why did He even create man when He knew beforehand that man's sin would destroy His work in so short a time? We know the answer, though we have only the dark evidence of faith for its cogency. God had in mind the production of an even greater masterpiece, whose magnificence could be best brought out by contrast with the despoiled original. Moreover, God had in the beginning poured out His gifts on man, asking in return only that man recognize the fact that his perfection came from God and could come from God alone. Man was not convinced. Eve did not spurn the suggestion that the divine prohibition was thrown around the Tree of Knowledge because God was afraid of man. How, then, could man be convinced of God's goodness, except by being deprived of its fruits? If man would not be grateful for a perfection that came to him almost automatically at birth, perhaps he would respond to a perfection that was achieved through the bloody death of a God-Man on the Cross and his own unceasing efforts under the inspiration of the grace that flowed from the Cross.

*When God arose upon the red mountains*

*Man had fallen prone*

*Flat and flung wide like a continent, capes and headlands,*

*The vast limbs thrown.*

*And the Lord lamented over Man, saying "Never*

*Shall there be but one*

*For no man born shall be mighty as he was mighty*

*To amaze the sun.*

*Not till I put upon me the red armour  
 That was man's clay  
 And walk the world with the mask of man for a vizor  
 Not till that day.  
 For on God alone shall the image of God be graven  
 Which Adam wore  
 Seeing I alone can lift up this load of ruin  
 To walk once more."*\*

The human nature that lost its integrity and supernatural rectitude by the sin of Adam was infinitely exalted by its union with the Person of the Son of God. Even in Christ, by a free act of His Divine Will, the gifts of immortality and impassibility were not restored, because He wished to become like us in all things save sin. But there was perfect integrity in the complexity of Christ's human nature, wrought by its substantial union with a Divine Person and by the treasures of grace bestowed upon it by God. As Adam came into the world pure and holy, so did Christ. One other also came in like manner. As the first-fruit of the Redemption, Mary, the new Eve, Christ's Mother and Helpmate, was freed from any taint of the original sin and its effects.

All others were to attain the life of grace not by birth, but by rebirth, not from their human parents handing down the heritage of Adam and Eve, but from their spiritual parents, the New Adam and the New Eve, Christ and Mary. From the moment Adam and Eve regained the grace of God until the last man or woman passes out of life, human integrity is not to be a gift given at birth, but a prize awarded for a continual struggle within each man between grace and his spiritual nature on the one hand and sin and his animal nature on the other. Perfect integrity, that is, complete subordination of the lower nature to the demands of reason and grace is always beyond man in this life; it was a special privilege of Christ and Mary. A degree of integrity can be won through prayer, penance and the grace of Christ.

### Of God's Mercy

This is God's final attempt to convince man that he is a creature of God's mercy. In mercy He created man, in mercy He forgave him his original rebellion, in mercy He redeemed him, in mercy He regenerates him, in mercy He strengthens him during the battle of life, in mercy and in mercy alone He will save him at the last. If, in his pride, man rejects God's mercy, he rejects God. If man rejects God finally, he loses the last hope of regaining his integrity and heads through the gates of eternal conflict.

JAMES M. EGAN, O.P.  
 Sparkill, N. Y.  
 October, 1946



## CELEBRATION

Christmas is gone again, O Christ,  
Thy birth's commemoration is a tree  
Drunkenly askew upon a too-full garbage can.

Dear God! how we held Thy day! There never was  
Such feasting. Turkey-stuffed, wineful men  
Swapped stories till the wild guffaws rumbled  
The very roof. What tales! And the pretty girls!  
Red-lipped and their dark hair curled they came  
Because it was Your Birthday and they knew  
There would be boys, and mistletoe and a going home  
In the dark. How we hurled Thy name  
Loud-voiced across the noisy crowd  
Who ate and danced and sang and laughed  
With us to think that You were born!  
O Lord! You never saw such merriment.

Christmas is gone again. Again  
Thy birth's commemoration is a tree.  
O Lord God, Merciful God! were pressed thorns harder  
And a bloody death than this? Can it be  
Easier to hang tinsel-bound to a toy tree  
And heartbroken die again of mockery? O God,  
Father of Christ, spare us who flout Thy Son.

JIM SHAW

## IN BETHLEHEM \*

O Christmas is a merry time,  
The bells go ting-a-ling  
O Christmas is a merry time,  
The little birdies sing.  
O Christmas is a merry time,  
The street-cars go ding-ding.  
O Christmas is a merry time,  
I'll bet you anything.

O Christmas is a merry time,  
You thought I couldn't find a rhyme!  
Change two nickels for a dime.  
Listen to the cow-bells chime!  
How high can a monkey climb?  
Does every man return to slime?  
And isn't it an awful crime  
That Christmas is a merry time?

O Christmas is a merry time,  
The very time  
Poor Tom's a-cold.  
Each sound that falls  
O'er Bedlam's walls  
Divinely calls  
Through padded stalls  
'Poor Tom's a-cold!'  
In Bedlam's halls  
Poor Tom's a-cold  
In Summer time.  
And Christmas is a merry time.  
Poor Tom's a-cold.

O Christmas is a merry time,  
A fairy time.  
To think of it!  
A single star,  
Tho' e'er so far,  
Can hold ajar  
The prison bar.  
To think of it!  
What fools men are  
To think of it  
At any time.  
And Christmas is a merry time  
To think of it.

O Christmas is a merry time,  
A merry time  
In Bedlam town.

All grief is shorn,  
All sorrow torn  
From every horn  
And left forlorn  
In Bedlam Town.

For Christ was born  
In Bedlam Town  
At Christmas time.  
And Christmas is a merry time  
In Bedlam Town.

O Christmas is a merry time,  
Bet two nickels to a dime,  
Bet I know a man can climb  
High enough to find a rhyme  
For chime and thyme and Christmas time.  
That's a lot above the slime,  
And I maintain it is no crime  
That Christmas is a merry time.

O Christmas is a merry time,  
And Time's a merry trick,  
O Christmas is a merry time,  
The bells go tick-tock-tick,  
O Christmas is a merry time,  
Eternities are quick,  
O Christmas is a merry time,  
To be a lunatic.

JIM SHAW

\*The setting for the poem is Bedlam, the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London, long used as a hospital for lunatics.





**UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY**



— UPSTAIRS AND DOWN

## CASE 13,013

*From Rev. Nabum Priest to Mrs. Rebecca Doeg, Executive Secretary  
of the Jericho Family Welfare Society*

Tishri 12

Dear Mrs. Doeg:

Yesterday I had a most distressing experience. Returning from Jerusalem to Jericho, I saw a man lying unconscious by the roadside whom I recognized as a certain Jeroboam who is employed at Simeon's tannery. He had evidently fallen among robbers who also stripped him and having wounded him and went away leaving him half dead.

Since I have never had a course in First Aid, there was obviously nothing I could do about the case at the moment. Therefore I am referring the matter to the Family Welfare Society. Will you kindly send one of your case workers to visit Mr. Jeroboam and to aid in his rehabilitation?

Sincerely,

NAHUM PRIEST

*From Mrs. Rebecca Doeg to Rev. Nabum Priest*

Tishri 19

Reverend and dear Sir:

I have your letter of Tishri 12 referring to our agency the case of a Mr. Jeroboam who was robbed on the Jerusalem-Jericho Turnpike. By a coincidence the same case was also referred by Mr. Samuel Levite whom you doubtless know. I assure you the case will receive our prompt attention.

May I take this occasion to discuss another matter with you? As you are aware, the plans for the annual campaign of the Jericho Community Fund are now being drawn up. We are anxious to have the allotment of the Family Welfare Society increased from 45,000 denarii, the present figure, to 50,000 denarii. Mr. Abdias, a close friend of yours, is a member of the Budget Committee of the Fund. Would you use your good offices with him in favor of the increased allotment?

It is urgently necessary to increase the present salary scale of our agency.



Unless we pay higher salaries we cannot continue to attract the type of highly trained professional social workers which our standards require.

Sincerely,

REBECCA DOEG.

*From Rev. Nahum Priest to Mrs. Rebecca Doeg*

Cheshvan 1

Dear Mrs. Doeg:

I have been seeking an opportunity to bring up the matter you mention with Mr. Abdias—but thus far unsuccessfully. It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you that I am enthusiastically in favor of the increased allotment. You have done a fine job with the Family Welfare Society and I feel that the citizens of Jericho owe you their fullest support.

By the way, have you any report on the Jeroboam case which I referred to you on Tishri 12?

Sincerely,

NAHUM PRIEST.

*From Mrs. Rebecca Doeg to Rev. Nahum Priest*

Cheshvan 8

Reverend and dear Sir:

The Jeroboam case is being handled by Miss Sophonias who is at present away on vacation. As soon as she returns I shall forward to you a full report.

Many thanks for your friendly support. I hope you will soon be able to contact Mr. Abdias.

Sincerely,

REBECCA DOEG.

*From Rev. Nahum Priest to Mrs. Rebecca Doeg*

Kislev 12

Dear Mrs. Doeg:

I finally ran into Mr. Abdias yesterday and discussed the matter of the increased allotment for the Family Welfare Society. I found him most sympathetic. He said that several people had already brought the matter to his attention and he expects favorable action when the Budget Committee meets next week.

Please do not think me importunate, but have you any report yet on the Jeroboam case?

Sincerely,

NAHUM PRIEST.

*From Miss Judith Aggeus to Rev. Nahum Priest*

Kislev 15

Reverend and dear Sir:

Your letter to Mrs. Doeg, dated Kislev 12, arrived while she was out of the city. I shall bring it to her attention immediately on her return. I am sure she will deeply appreciate your kindness in securing the favorable interest of Mr. Abdias.

The Jeroboam case has been referred to the Travelers Aid Society.

Respectfully,

JUDITH AGGEUS  
Secretary to Mrs. Doeg.

*From Mrs. Rebecca Doeg to Rev. Nahum Priest*

Kislev 22

Reverend and dear Sir:

I have just returned from Jerusalem where I attended a very successful meeting of the Palestinian Conference of Social Work. Miss Sophonias of our agency read a paper on "Psychosomatic Factors in the Adjustment of Patients Suffering from Multiple Contusions" which was very well received.

How very good of you to use your influence with Mr. Abdias! I have been given to understand that the Budget Committee acted favorably on our request. I wish I could tell you how very grateful we are to socially minded persons like yourself.

The Travelers Aid Society do not feel that they should handle the Jeroboam case which was referred to them by our agency. I am planning to take up the matter with Miss Phaniel, Executive Secretary of the Travelers Aid Society.

Sincerely,

REBECCA DOEG.

*From Rev. Nahum Priest to Mrs. Rebecca Doeg*

Tebet 21

Dear Mrs. Doeg:

It is now more than three months since I referred the Jeroboam case to you and I have yet to hear that you have done anything on it. Can't you give me some sort of a report?

Sincerely,

NAHUM PRIEST.

Shebat 12

Reverend and dear Sir:

In reply to yours of Tebet 21 I submit the following report on the Jeroboam case.

At a conference with Miss Phanuel of the Travelers Aid Society the Jeroboam case was thoroughly discussed. I was not successful in persuading Miss Phanuel that the case should be handled by her agency, but at least the conference resulted in considerable clarification of thought.

Later I brought the matter up for discussion at a staff meeting of my workers. The upshot of the meeting was that we should not proceed further without consulting our Board.

At the next Board meeting I presented the case of Mr. Jeroboam in some detail. The Board members agreed that the Travelers Aid Society had been rather uncooperative. It was unanimously voted that we should stand firm in our position since, if we should now reopen the case after referral to Miss Phanuel, it would establish a dangerous precedent.

Please excuse my delay in sending you this report. All of us at the office have been desperately busy with preparations for the coming Community Fund campaign.

Sincerely,

REBECCA DOEG.

*From Rev. Nabum Priest to Mrs. Rebecca Doeg*

Adar 25

Dear Mrs. Doeg:

I acknowledge your letter of Shebat 12. Being, I confess, somewhat troubled in my conscience, I took it upon myself to visit Mr. Jeroboam personally, a step which I now regret.

According to Jeroboam's story, it seems that some time after the robbery a certain Samaritan being on his journey came near to him, and seeing him was moved with compassion, and going up to him bound up his wounds pouring in oil and wine, and setting him upon his own beast brought him to an inn and took care of him, and the next day he took out two denarii and gave to the host and said, "Take care of him and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return will repay thee."

As we discussed the matter further Jeroboam became more and more unreasonable. When he learned that I had seen him by the roadside he demanded why I, a priest, could not have done as much for him as the Samaritan did. I managed to keep my temper and explained to



him as patiently as I could that personally I had no special competence to handle cases like his and that I had referred the matter to the Family Welfare Society so that highly trained professional social workers could render him the expert assistance which he needed.

When I mentioned the Family Welfare Society, Jeroboam launched into a diatribe on social work in general and the Family Welfare Society in particular. He claimed that in the five months since the robbery no social worker had even visited him and held this up as an example of the inefficiency of social agencies. He added that he was perfectly well able to manage his own affairs "without any social workers butting into my business," as he uncouthly expressed it.

Before I could manage to get away, he treated me to quite a lecture on his half-baked social philosophy. He felt that everyone has an obligation to love everyone else. We should all help one another even to the extent of impoverishing ourselves—and so on *ad nauseum*. He even had the audacity to hold the Samaritan up as an example to me, a priest! Between ourselves, I suspect the fellow of radical leanings. Perhaps he has even been listening to this Jesus of Nazareth whose influence is causing so much dangerous unrest.

I hope you will be kind enough to overlook my rather hasty letter of Tebet 21. The enclosed check for 25 denarii is my contribution to the Community Fund. I trust it will not be too late.

Sincerely,

NAHUM PRIEST.

PAUL HANLY FURFEY  
*Catholic University,*  
*Washington, D. C.*  
*October. 1946'*

## THIS GIFT IS OURS

Whatever its enemies may say about the Faith, they cannot say it is dull. It is not static. It is not lifeless. It is dramatic in its saints and dramatic in its symbols. The Cathedral at Chartres is dramatic. St. Francis of Assisi is dramatic. Even the least of the Faith make contact with the Church at the most moving and poignant times of their lives: when they are born, when they marry, and when they are dying. When men move most gloriously or most fiercely, they move for or against the Faith. The strongest men choose her as their Lady or as the Beast they would slay. It is not strange that the march of men bravely should be called a crusade, or that before them they should carry the Cross. Saint Francis went down the Nile; Saint Isaac Jogues went down the St. Lawrence. Both moved into the camp of the enemy, and before them went the Cross.

The sign of the Cross is the sign of men acting as God, humbly without fear. The Cross is the most dynamic symbol in the history of man. Whenever or wherever the Wood has been crossed with steel, the steel has been lowered, and the Wood triumphant. Men chained to the days of their petty years fail to see this, but history tells the story. As the Cross was raised all other symbols bowed before it. The Roman fasces is romance revived yesterday only to die again. The Crescent of Islam is pale in the East. The barbed arrow of the Hun is waked in the museums of Christendom. That mark of sorcery, the swastika, has been returned to the harmless pattern of the ouija board.

Now, today there are two vile symbols dark against the sky. It is evening for one; midday for the other: in the West the Dollar Sign; in the East the Hammer and Sickle. These will be history as the Cross moves on.

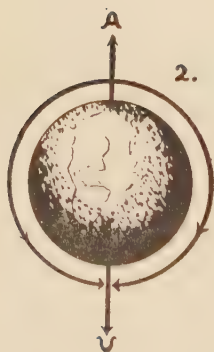
## The Growth of the Cross

Do not be fooled by the cross sculptured upon a wall or chained to the necks of women. That is the cross of the artist or the sculptor, fossilized, imprisoned in wood, stone or metal. The Cross of Christ lives and

grows. It has life and motion. Let me show you. Here are the diagrams:



- 1) The Cross surmounts the world. See from what activity the symbol of the Cross emerges! Let it grow as it must: eastward, westward, earthward, and heavenward.
- 2) Stretching out its arms horizontally, the Cross grows and encircles the world. Plunging downward, passing through the center of the earth, it comes out on the other side. It is now the axis upon which the planet rotates. There is a soaring upward as the upper arm rockets even to the throne of God. Now we have a circle and an axis. The circle is this: the movement of man historically from Adam until now. It is man as man, earthbound, traveling parallel with the earth's surface, ever subjected to the mood of nature, of seed, of sun, of rain and stars. That is the stretched-out, ever growing horizontal bar of the Cross. The axis is this: It is Divinity. It is God creating, sustaining, nurturing, moving and loving His Creation. It is God reflected in matter, in rocks, minerals, waters, plants, animals, and upward into the realm of man, beyond man to the angels.



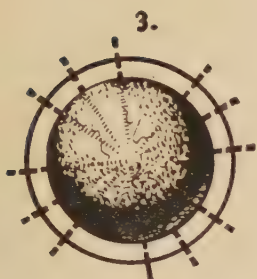
And what is the point of intersection, that spot where the horizontal crosses the vertical forming our Cross? That is the Incarnation! That is the magnificent story that begins with "Ave Maria" and ends with "He is risen!" It is the sublime mystery of God told in words understandable to children. It is God coming forth from the womb of a virgin. All the temporality of man and all the energy of the universe meet and combine with the Being of God. And His name is Emmanuel, God with us!

There is a mystery greater still in its meaning for us for which a diagram is a presumption. The mystery is this, as Christ



has revealed it to us: there is nothing of time in God, for He is always. We do not speak the whole truth if we say God was born, as though the Incarnation was merely an historical event.

The effects of the Incarnation, of man being joined with God, are eternally *present* in the activities of mankind. Christmas is not an historical celebration. It is the Incarnation *made present*. Thus, in the diagram (3), with dotted lines I have indicated that everywhere, ever-present is the confluence and wedding of God with Man, in Christ.



## I Love a Mystery

Somewhere in the East, I am told, the faithful have hung before their altars a shimmering curtain of silver. According to their strange liturgy it is customary to gaze upon this curtain until an hypnotic state is produced. This trance is their form of worship. We of Western Christendom have not been untouched by the poisonous mysticism of the Orient. In a second-hand book store in Boston I found, on a shelf marked "The Occult," a treatise of Aquinas. A man who had the most active of intellects, one who was in the most real sense *conscious*, is classified among those who seek their beatitude in oblivion!

The Christian mysteries are not productive of inertia. The Faith is a love affair between God and man. No lover is repelled by the mystery of his beloved. John Jones does not say of bewitching Mary Smith, "She's a mystery and that's the end of it," and then go out and court some shallow-minded imbecile. A man who is thirsty is not saddened by the dimensions of a mountain lake. He does not say, "That's more water than I can drink," and then lie down upon the bank unquenched. We can and should always drink our fill of the mysteries of God. It is because He is God that there is more mystery than we can encompass. So it is with the mystery of Christ's Incarnation. To know one thing about Christ is to know a million things about His universe.

Now that I have embarked upon this great sea of mystery, do not think for a moment that I can explain its immensity. When I say that

but one thing is needed—everything, do not anticipate my saying everything that can be said about it. All that I am trying to say is that this mystery of the Incarnation explains the first principle which moves the universe of angels and devils, of cabbages and kings. Breaking the universe down into test tubes will not reveal the first Thing about it: why it goes, and goes the way it does. The reason and cause of the universe and everything in it resides in the Mind of God. It is in the mysteries of Faith that these first causes are revealed to us. Without a knowledge of these mysteries we know nothing about anything (as far as it pertains to our supernatural life). These mysteries are the lever with which we can move the earth. If I could apply the knowledge gained by Faith to four totally different aspects of living, by implication we might catch a tiny glimpse of that totality which is Christ.

## On Bread

Where man is you will find bread. It is in the *Our Father*. It is in the grocery store. It is on the altars of our churches. The making of bread is the world's largest industry. Last year men made millions on wheat. Man does not live by bread alone—he can't live without it.

In Bethlehem (which means house-or-bread) a seed of wheat was sown. It was put in the earth and it died. From this death the life of the wheat emerged. Of this wheat many loaves of bread were made. With seven of the loaves Christ fed four thousand people. The Son of God Himself ate one of these loaves, and that wheat became Christ. The seed died and became wheat; the wheat died and became Christ. Within the wheat there was something of the earth, there was something of the air and the rain. As Christ consumed this wheat He consumed the things of which it was constituted, and these things returned to God through Christ. That is how Christ redeems matter: by making it one with Himself.

On Holy Thursday, taking bread He gave thanks, and broke, and gave to them, saying, *This is My body which is given for you*. The disciples took it. They ate of Christ. Men ate of Divinity.

Can we comprehend the marvel of all this—the wonder of all these things of time and space being made one in Christ? Here are the Things of God taking place within the homely realm of the dinner table. Just think of the blasphemy, that after these mysteries have been revealed, men can go about the business of growing, buying and selling wheat, unconcerned with the Incarnation! Does this not cast some light upon today's iniquity in regard to the economy of wheat? Can these social

problems be explained or corrected apart from the mysteries of Faith?—

- 1) That rich wheat lands are the causes of wars?
- 2) That our popularly consumed white bread is without the nourishment of wheat, and is the cause of degenerative disease?
- 3) That men walk into the lavatories of the grain-market and blow out their brains?
- 4) That the greedy production of wheat for market is making of our Midwest an arid desert?

Ignoring Christ, men have forgotten the first principle of life in the universe. The blessing of wheat, perverted by avarice, unthanked before God, has become a curse. Instead of nourishing, it starves. Instead of uniting men, it brings wars between them. Instead of life, it brings death.

### **On an Annual Wage**

The desire of working men for an annual wage is a desire for security. I have not the space to discuss this matter on the politico-economic level, nor is that my intention. I only hope to relate this idea to a unified concept of an economy generated by Christ. It is just as important for a unionist to know what security is as it is for a philosopher to know its definition. If the worker does not know what he wants, how can he expect to get it? It is still a complex question as to whether an annual wage will give the worker what he really needs.

The temporal security of man proceeds from his "looking to the Kingdom of Heaven and its justice." If he does this, Christ assures him that "all these things will be added unto you." To say that this doctrine has no economic significance is blasphemy. It would be making a mockery of the Lord's Prayer in which we ask God for our daily bread.

When a man looks to the Kingdom of Heaven and its justice he does all of these things:

- 1) He believes that he is sustained and nurtured in all his temporal needs by an Almighty and All-Merciful Father.
- 2) He works with his hands the things that are good and to the benefit of his neighbors.
- 3) He elects and furthers an economy of distributive justice wherein he places the common good before his own good or the good of his family.
- 4) He considers the well-being of all those who are less than he (whether in talent, physical health, intelligence, moral courage, or wealth) as his responsibility, and he does for them what he is able.



- 5) He seeks to grow in understanding of God's justice by prayer and meditation and frequent reception of the Sacraments.
- 6) He is in our time a lay apostle.

Failing to seek these ends, a man may still achieve an abundance of worldly goods, but he does so at the expense of the common good. The common good cannot be attained apart from the Will of God for His children. The good of any one man is not to be sought apart from the common good. Acting within these boundaries outlined here, any man can be assured that his security lies in God's hands and that he is at the same time advancing the prosperity of society. Thus equipped, he can take the matter of an annual wage in hand, judge it for what it is worth, and act accordingly.

## The Jew

In the economy of Christ, the Jew is our neighbor and we will be judged in accordance with our justice in his regard. It is our obligation to see that the Jew is respected as one of the chosen race whence Christ issued. The mystery of the survival of the Jew in spite of every obstacle in his path, more often than not placed in his way by uncharitable Christians, is a religious mystery. Do not forget that it is the vocation of that nation to be restored to Christ.

Anti-Semitism among Catholics today is a disgrace to the Church. In no way is it related to their being Catholics. Catholicism can have no part with hatred or injustice, and it is certainly an injustice to brand a group with the sins of some of its members. As long as Christians nurture the belief that their well-being is part and parcel of a jungle economy, then will they be tempted to hatred and envy of those more successful than they in its savage pursuits. It is in the field of trade and finance that Anti-Semitism flourishes. It is much less among those men who labor with their hands, or in intellectual or cultural circles. Nothing could do more to eliminate intolerance or envy than the knowledge that one's material prosperity as well as that of society as a whole can best be achieved through Christian charity. This is the unifying force of the Incarnation.

## On the Housing Problem

Lack of housing facilities in the United States would not have become so acute had there been due concern for charity and justice on the

part of politicians. The truth of the matter is that there has been a serious housing problem for the last fifty years, but the shortage until recently has been the lot of inarticulate minorities. Lacking organization, these people have had no lobbies in Washington nor in their state capitols. Having little money, their plight was ignored by the merchants (for they were not prospective customers). Consequently, the voice of the press was not raised in their behalf. The share cropper and the tenant farmer of the south and west lacked adequate houses. The slum dwellers of our large cities have been without decent facilities. Negroes and other racial minorities have been confined by poverty and prejudice to over-crowded city tenements. Had our press and public been more concerned about these unfortunates, the demand for more houses would have been raised long before this. Now that the epidemic has spread to the upper classes there is a frightful hue and cry. It is still a question of each seeking what is his own without concern for the common good.

The selfishness of labor unions and capitalists alike have contributed to this mess. This housing shortage existed while union halls were crowded with unemployed carpenters, and architects were selling apples on the streets of Manhattan. On the one hand the building-trade unions, placing wages before dignity, enforced ridiculous restrictions upon their workers. The inviolability of craft boundaries was carried to such fantastic extremes that the whole process of contract building became unwieldy, and the cost of building prohibitive.

On the other hand, land and houses were gradually becoming the property of banks, insurance companies, farm implement manufacturers, and real estate speculators. Inevitably the financial interests of these parasitic bodies ran counter to the needs of the families who used the property. The cause of the family went undefended. The real estate interests misrepresented the problem, since for them houses were commodities, not places to be lived in. It was to the advantage of the chain stores to have consumer groups centralized. The interest of the family was subordinated to the higher (and cleverly manipulated) law of supply and demand.

All along the line we see a disregard for those truths that flow from the mystery of the Incarnation. It has been forgotten that the family is a garden of souls. The home is the workshop of God. Under each roof a father and mother cooperate in the blessed work of creation. The politician has lost his sense of kingship. He has forgotten the dignity of the family as well as the dignity of his own high position. The carpenter and builder who shares his craft with Christ has placed wages before service as the end of his work. The unity of the Incarnation has been ignored, and consequently the integrity of man and of society has been lost.

## In Conclusion

I have briefly discussed four problems apparently unrelated, yet the solution to each proceeds from a true evaluation of the mystery of God become Man. Our error has been to classify all this as a *religious* view, something distinct from the economic view, the historical view or the practical view. Unconsciously, we have disincarnated God from the affairs of man. We dare to imply that God's ideas as to the disposition of His universe are of questionable practicality! That doubt explains our failure to relate Christian doctrine to public practice. That is why Catholics constantly retreat to the borderline of that *which is sinful*, supposing that the Faith is only operative in the sphere of mortality. Most Catholics know that birth control is sinful. How many of them know what a beautiful thing sex is? And how very much more beautiful it is because of what has been added to marriage by the Incarnation of Christ! Christ is not merely a moralist; He is God. Christianity is not merely a way of avoiding sin; it is a way of living. The Church, who speaks for Christ, is not interested in *practical* matters as a side line to saving souls. Practical matters are the way that people save their souls. Lawyers do not save their souls as a result of the way they pray, but as a result of the way they practice law. A Christian lawyer can become a glorious lawyer or even a canonized lawyer like Saint Thomas More. If it is practical to separate spirit from matter, then the only practical man is the corpse.

The Faith reveals to us that God is always present in every movement of every creature in the universe. Of all His creatures, only man can disrupt the right order of the universe, and he can disorder the universe because he alone has the ability to choose.

Christ came to restore order to the universe. He became man to dispose the wills of men to the Will of His Father, for the wills of men were the seat of all the disorder in the universe. When He came the angels sang, "Peace on earth to men of good will," i.e., the restoration of order by disposing men's wills to the Will of God.

As Christ becomes one of us, we are given the awful privilege of becoming one with Him. Just as He shares our humanity, we consequently may share His divinity. The sharing of that divinity is called supernatural grace. Supernatural grace is the quality of soul which disposes our wills to the Will of God. Thus, as a result of the Incarnation, we have been given the proper disposition of will to reorder the whole



universe. Our cooperation with God has not merely the force and efficacy of eager creatures, but, due to the grace of the Incarnation, it can have the potency and certainty of success which characterizes divine acts.

All the disorder around us will be resolved by the activity of the Christ-man, through the instrumentality of His members. That is our vocation and we are stuck with it. The cross is on our foreheads, not because we are worthy, not because we are saints, but because a babe was born of a Jewish virgin, and His name is Emmanuel—which means God with us.

ED WILLOCK

*Boston*

*November, 1946*

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There was a fond parent named Reedy  
Whose children were frightfully greedy,  
Each Christmas he gave them  
Something more to enslave them,  
While prayers he said for the needy.

## THE CHURCH YEAR CONSECRATING THE MARCH OF TIME\*

The title of this article, on first notice, seems to be a contradiction. What possible connection is there between the ecclesiastical year which slowly turns on its axis, presenting the same events year after year, and the "march of time" which rushes on at a faster pace each day, always presenting new ideas and new problems? Yes, these two concepts are opposed to each other, but they are not independent of each other.

They are opposed in the same sense that Creator is opposed to creature and eternity to time. But opposition does not exclude relationship. God certainly influences His creatures. Eternal truths definitely have a bearing on the passing things of time, and the re-enactment of the Life of Christ through the medium of the liturgical year certainly should have a bearing on our lives in the post war period (or any other period for that matter). Our ultimate goal is union with Christ in Heaven. Our immediate goal must be union with Christ on earth. The former cannot be obtained without the latter, and the closer the union is here, the closer it will be hereafter.

Obviously, the reason the liturgical year does not exert a greater influence upon our people is that they do not understand it. To most Catholics, it is simply another calendar, an ecclesiastical method of reckoning time and regulating religious holy days, a series of memorial services held to commemorate events in the Life of Christ and the saints. Considered merely in this light, the liturgical year would have little bearing on our present day life or on the events to come. However, it was never meant to be a mere recalling of things past. Our Lord came into the world for all of us. Everything He did, everything He said, was meant for us living in the twentieth century just as much as for those in the first. He is "the same yesterday and forever." (Heb. xiii, 8.) "Behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 20.)

Sacramentally, He remains with us in the Holy Eucharist. Liturgically, He is longed for during Advent, born on Christmas, dies on Good Friday, returns to Heaven on Ascension Thursday and lives and operates through the Church during the Pentecostal season. The Church would have us regard these events not as fond memories of the past but as vital realities of the present.

Take for example the season of Advent. To most of our people, it means very little. They all know that it is a period of preparation for Christmas, but how to prepare is very vague in their minds. Why it is a

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\* Reprint from *National Liturgical Week*, 1945.

Peotone, Illinois: The Liturgical Conference Inc.

penitential season is a mystery to them. The trouble arises from a faulty and incomplete appreciation of the Feast of Christmas. We must not regard the birth of Christ just as a beautiful, momentous event of the past. Each year, on December 25, He is born for us again. He comes to save you and me and the lady next door and the man in the death house at the penitentiary. All of us have sinned and Christ comes to set us free. The great mystery of God becoming man is not a thing of the dim, distant past, but a vital, ever present reality, something that reaches back to the creation of man and extends forward to the end of the world.

The Incarnation is so great a mystery that the Church sets several weeks aside every year for its consideration. During Advent, we relive those thousands of years of watching, waiting, yearning. "Drop down dew, ye heavens from above and let the clouds rain the Just One; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour." (Isa. xlv, 8.) In all truth we can sing this plea with the patriarchs of old, for we too are desperately in need of a Saviour. Our sins are great and numerous, but God's love is boundless. He is coming to save us. He wants to save us, if we will only let Him.

The consciousness of our sins, and, therefore, of our unworthiness of salvation, naturally moves us to works of penance. Hence the penitential character of Advent. It is unfortunately true that this aspect of the season is practically ignored nowadays. However, the mind of the Church is quite clear from the color of the vestments, the suppression of the *Gloria*, and other indications. Self denial is not very popular in these times, not even among Catholics, whether clerical or lay. Nevertheless the Church still desires it during Advent.

Very wisely, she opens the season with the picture of that other Coming of our Lord, when, in all power and majesty, He will judge the living and the dead. Our people wonder at these opening chords of the great Advent symphony. Why should it begin with the harsh notes of fear, when already the joyful melodies of the Christmas carols are ringing in our ears? Why should the awesome, the all-powerful, the just God be thrust upon us, when our thoughts naturally turn to the sweet babe of Bethlehem? Why? Because, although the Infant Jesus was born to save all men, all will not be saved. He cannot redeem me unless I am willing to be redeemed. If I do not prepare now for His coming as Saviour, I must be prepared to face Him later as Judge.

And so the Advent season opens with a call to penance, but lest we become too frightened and discouraged over our sins, the Church quickly reminds us that the final coming of Christ has not arrived. There is still time to avert the terror of the Last Day. The earth is about to bud forth a Saviour, and He that will arise shall rule the Gentiles and in Him shall



the Gentiles have hope. The Epistle of the second Sunday of Advent has the comforting words: "Now may the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; that you may abound in hope and in the power of the Holy Spirit." The same Saviour, yearned for so long throughout the Old Testament, is about to be born again. He is coming this Christmas for the same purpose He came nineteen hundred years ago—to save us.

As we get closer to His birth, the theme merges from one of hope into one of joy. The *Introit* of Gaudete Sunday introduces this third movement. "Rejoice in the Lord always, again I say, Rejoice." The Saviour is no longer Someone to come in the dim, distant future. He is already upon us. The *Invitatory* of Matins is no longer "*Regem venturum, Dominum*," the Lord our coming King, but, "*Prope est iam Dominus, venite adoremus*," the Lord is nigh, come let us adore Him. Fear is gone, hope is no longer needed; only joy fills our hearts now, in the anticipated possession of Christ our Infant Saviour.

The beauty of these first few weeks, like the remainder of the Church year, is unknown and unappreciated by most of our people. In preparing this paper I was interrupted many times by callers at the rectory. When I explained what I was doing, invariably they would ask the meaning of the title. Most of them thought it had something to do with church history. After all, we cannot expect our congregation to know anything of the liturgical year when all we give it is passing mention in the announcements: "Today is the fourth Sunday after the Epiphany. On Monday evening there will be bingo in the parish hall."

To make the liturgical year a source of grace in the march of time, we must keep up with the times. In former days, when life was simpler and distractions few, religion played a much more important part in the lives of the faithful. It was the center of all social activity. Nowadays, with the movies, radio, and automobile, the time set aside for church has been relegated to its minimum requirements. The personality of Christ, however, has an everlasting appeal; and it will overcome all obstacles if properly presented. We must use every possible device to keep the life of our Saviour ever present in the minds and hearts of our people.

The ceremonies prescribed for the feasts and various seasons of the year should be carried out with all possible solemnity, and should be clearly explained at the same time. The latter is most important, for unless a person sees and hears at the same time, his understanding can hardly be complete. Thus too, hymns appropriate to the time of the year should be sung instead of hackneyed numbers like *Mother Dear*,

*O Pray for Me* and *To Jesus Heart all Burning*. Highlights of the liturgy for each week could be explained in the parish bulletin. Posters similar to those displayed at the various Liturgical Weeks and those printed by the Benedictine Fathers at St. John's Abbey (Collegeville, Minn.), can be effectively displayed in church and school. Many other suggestions to make people conscious of the ecclesiastical year may be found in the *Proceedings* of the previous Liturgical Weeks and in the magazine *Orate Fratres*.

Men are naturally influenced by their associates. Unconsciously, we are always taking on habits of dress, of speech, of thought, even physical mannerisms, from others. The liturgical year brings Christ down to earth and makes Him our constant Companion. Through the liturgy, we *see* Him in the various phases of His existence. He becomes a part of our lives, and we of His.

As time marches on faster and faster each day, we cannot tell what the future will bring. We do know that a lasting peace must be founded upon a spiritual basis. Leaders in Church and State, in the army and navy, in journalism and commerce, have all told us this time and time again. The world is growing smaller day by day. The airplane and the radio, to mention but two factors, have drawn the nations of the earth much closer together, for better or for worse. The spiritual basis for unity and peace for Catholics is their common membership in the Mystical Body. But Christ is the Head of that Body and the Head must control the members.

Through the Church year, Christ assumes this leadership. He becomes a living reality, giving us His example, inspiring us to higher ideals. He speaks to us through the teaching of the Church, but He *shows* us through the liturgy. The former reaches only the intellect, the latter touches the heart. Through the proper celebration of the year, the life of Christ unfolds itself bit by bit, drawing us ever closer to Himself. He ceases to be a great Figure of the past, and emerges as the Light of the world now, today, and for all days to come.

JULES A. KEATING  
*Anniston, Alabama*

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Belloc Revisited

#### THE SERVILE STATE

By Hilaire Belloc.

New York: Henry Holt. 1946.

Price: \$2.50.

Rereading this book (I read it about nine years ago—had I been born, I might have read it thirty-four years ago), these things struck me:

- 1) How long we have tolerated an economy which is radically wrong!
- 2) How long a few men (like Belloc) have been telling us how bad it is!
- 3) How long so many people have continued to believe in it in spite of men like Belloc and books like this one!
- 4) How very right Belloc was; how much more obviously right he *is*!

The positive statements of Mr. Belloc are inspiring to read. He drives his nails with long, sure strokes. Augustine could not have spoken thus against the Manichee. Dominic could not have preached so ruthlessly against the Albigensians. Augustine had been a Manichee before becoming a Christian. Saint Dominic might have felt that there were sincere Albigensians even though he knew that they were sincerely wrong. But those who could defend the philosophy (or lack of it) which tolerates capitalism are not deserving of the same respect.

Capitalism has always been through the belly, and with the belly, and of the belly, unto the Almighty Dollar, deceit without end. Amen. Its sin is beneath the theologian, beneath common sense, beneath common decency.

In this book we can see that a defense of the Faith can be at one and the same time a defense of the free family and of the man master of himself in his own home. We are reminded that only a philosophy can produce political action and a philosophy is only vital when it is the core of a religion.

Questions: Are there young spirits who will continue the fight where this aged man must leave off? Is the servile state a portent for the future or is the current indifference an indication that it is already upon us?

E.W.

### Conversion at Harvard

#### A TESTIMONIAL TO GRACE

By Avery Dulles.

New York: Sheed & Ward. 1946.

Price: \$2.50.

Preoccupation with problems metaphysical and religious is not a characteristic which distinguishes

contemporary American youth. With God's grace, there are a few exceptions. Avery Dulles is one of them. Catapulted to the brink of despair by the amoral, relativistic, positivistic society in which he found himself, he finally took refuge in Plato and Aristotle as a Harvard sophomore after a series of escapades in his freshman year (following logically in the wake of his own lack of principles) which all but culminated in his expulsion. His narrow escape had the sobering effect which was prelude to more serious application—and that, providentially, to the study of Aristotle and Plato, the following year. After discovery of objective standards of beauty and morality and truth through these giants, he came under the spell of a history tutor, Paul Doolin, an ardent young Catholic. Definitely turned to God, he wandered in pursuit of Him from one Protestant sect to another, his ancestors having been Presbyterians for generations. Aesthetically repelled by "Romanism" from the start, Avery Dulles' conversion was strictly one of thought (grace presupposed), not feeling. His conclusions were reached only after an extraordinarily searching examination of the Church's premises, historical and theological.

This is, thank God, not the subjective account of his gropings toward the Faith but a straightforward, concise resume of his ascent from truth to Truth, not more than a half hour's reading. In the main, it is closely reasoned argument at a high philosophical level well-sustained, and written with uncommon clarity and beauty of expression.

S.T.

## Miscellaneous Food For Thought

### A CENTURY OF THE CATHOLIC ESSAY

Edited by Raphael H. Gross, C.P.P.S.  
Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Com-  
pany, 1946.  
Price: \$3.50.

This book contains the cream of the cream of Catholic essays, culled from many years of discriminating reading on the part of the author. There is

Mr. Sheed's magnificent piece on "Reading and Education." There is Christopher Dawson's "Christian Freedom," in which cosmic issues are explained lucidly, at a level a thousand times more profound than ordinarily. There is Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen at his very best, in "The Conspiracy Against Life." There is Hilaire Belloc, "On Lying."; Chesterton, both fascetious and scholarly, and Ronald Knox, and Father Gillis, and Padriac Colum, and Eric Gill and Alfred Noyes, and so on; forty-five essays in all. Congratulations to Father Gross and his publishers.

C.J.



## Potatoes For Christmas

### MEDITATIONS WITH A PENCIL

By Diana Orpen.

New York: Sheed & Ward, 1946.

Price: \$2.00.

Potatoes would be an unconventional Christmas gift. Only under certain circumstances would they be appreciated. A starving man

would be grateful for them. He would be grateful if he were starving from lack of food. He would not be grateful if he were starving as a result of eating nothing but lemon meringue pie. This book of drawings is potatoes for people starving as a result of eating nothing but lemon meringue pie.

The general contention is that an artist should draw nothing but peaches, puddings or plums. This is particularly true if his art is called "religious." This is the psychological consequence of associating religion with the sentimental wish that everything were or will be "peachy."

The imagination is that room in the house most lived in by the sensate, and we are a sensate people. It is in this room that we receive visitors. We pray there, eat there, and it is there we sit down and make our evaluations. This habit puts a bit of a strain upon the truly religious artist whether he be poet or painter. When a simple illustrator (like Miss Orpen) enters the room of our imagination trying humbly to introduce us to her subjective "Christ," she finds the premises already crowded with gesticulating thespians all claiming to be Christ. From among the group her host emerges and choosing one of the actors, leads him to the artist and says, "*That* cannot be Christ, for *this* is He!" Of course the artist recognizes this odd fellow's disguise. He is playing the part of a renaissance "Christ." Across the room is a pre-Raphaelite "Christ." On a raised dais sits a newcomer. He is a six-color, Saturday Evening Post cover "Christ."

The artist is tempted to remark, "But, can't you see that these are all a bunch of phoneyes?" He doesn't because he has said it before and it did not work. The artist withdraws taking his work with him. He is hurt. It's all very unpleasant. What can be the trouble?

A picture is a public thing and therefore a social thing. The job of the artist is to translate something which is personal into something which is social. Now, it is in this very translation from the private to the social that the modern manifestation of Christianity is found wanting. This sphere, the natural habitat of the artist is a virtual no-man's-land. It is that great desert between doctrine and practice. It is the

area between Sunday Mass and the week day mess. Christians rarely enter that area today without putting on their face or grooming their inhibitions. Thus when the translation is made by an artist simply and sincerely in black and white the results appear very strange to our uncertain eyes.

I have said that Miss Orpen is sincere and simple in her work. Those are qualities that should be admired. The simplest way to draw is with a pencil on paper. That is what she did. The simplest way to draw the interior of a house is to draw from one's memory, boldly without regard for detail, shadow or perspective. That is what she did. The simplest way to draw people is to make a man look like a man, and a woman like a woman, and a baby look like a baby. That is what she did. Anything over and above this simplicity of approach is ornamentation or, if ill chosen, affectation.

Admittedly in her drawings you do not find the same effervescence of line and color one finds in Coca-Cola ads. Our education via the colored ad has harmed us in more ways than one. Not only has our stomach suffered but also our heads. The insincerity of pictorial ads is not limited to the description of the product, nor to its glorification of gluttony, but there is another kind of insincerity which is related to the making of things, in particular the making of pictures.

Now, anyone, even a novice if he has at anytime felt the feeling that accompanies the act of making, is aware of the reciprocity between the maker and the thing being made. It is not a question of bending the medium to our will. The nature of the medium prescribes the manner in which it is to be used. Stone is brittle, oil is fluid, clay is plastic, and wood splinters. Lacking respect for his medium, the commercial artist has learned to impose his idea on it. He erases, adds, subtracts, cuts or fills in, until the smiling beauty emerges. This is not a normal procedure. The preconceived notions of the artist should not be forcefully applied to his medium but rather there should be a wedding of the two, and the finished product come as fruit of the marriage. That is the right way to draw. To work that way is to be sincere. Miss Orpen works that way. Her pencil strokes are fresh and unspoiled by erasers. Her people are made of paper and pencil. In her work we have the happy combination of sincere art with sincere faith.

Miss Orpen has not drawn peaches. She has drawn potatoes with an awkward dignity, and just enough dirt on them to show their earthy origin. These pictures are the fruit of meditation. They could be the seed for meditation if you would let them.

F. Martin.



## More Burdens For The White Man

### TALE OF THE TWAIN.

By Sam Constantino, Jr.  
New York: Harper & Bros., 1946.  
Price: \$2.50.

Sam Constantino, Jr. has written a very readable story in *Tale of the Twain*. As the title suggests, it is the age-old story of religious intolerance.

Much has been said and written about the down-trodden Negroes of these democratic United States. Far too little has been presented to us of the difficult position of the Orientals who have settled here, particularly on our West Coast.

This is the story of Tanako, a beautiful Eurasian who loves and tries to fit in with both races only to be rejected by both. We see the effects of the war with Japan upon Tanako, her Japanese lover, Koyohito, Stuart Crane, the American who is greatly attracted to her, and their friends in both countries. Mr. Constantino reveals convincingly to what a great extent the Japanese were victims of militarist propaganda.

The publishers describe the author as "a practical-minded young Christian writer." To our mind the novel is not a Catholic one, nor a Christian one. The ideals of Thomas Crump, who apparently voices the author's sentiments, are high but very human. He pleads that the Japanese be forced to think "democratically" for their own good, and for the good of mankind, if we are to avoid future catastrophic warfare. Stuart Crane, Sr. speaks in behalf of equal rights for Japanese Americans, but his motives too are those of expediency. He does not wish his son's sons to fight a third war.

Perhaps the adjective "practical" comes as consequence of the author's clinging to a shallow humanism while waging a cross-less crusade. Had he suggested supernatural motives and supernatural means, no doubt the blurb would have read "an impractical-minded young Christian writer."

D.W.

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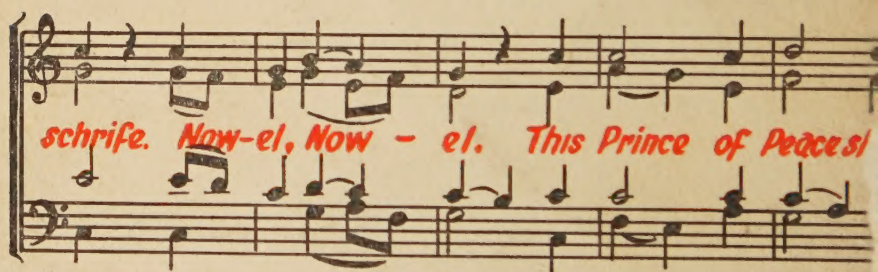
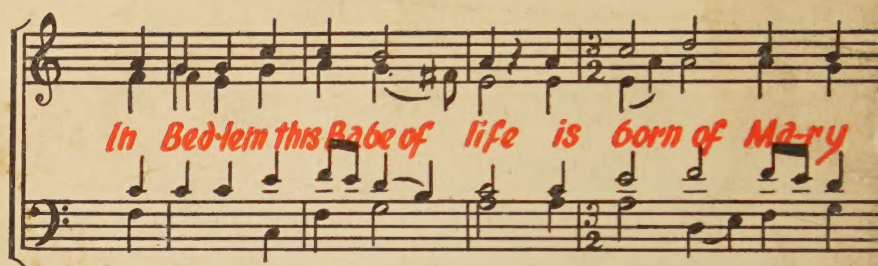
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Words and melody from a parchment roll in the library of Trinity College Cambridge. (Date, Fifteenth Century)